

Stories of the War.

A shell burst near an Irishman in the trenches. Gazing on the fragments, he exclaimed: "Be jabbers! them's the fellers to tickle yer ear."

ANECDOTE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

At a council of officers, early in the war, it was remarked that Major—was wounded and would be unable to do the duty assigned him. "Wounded," said Jackson. "If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of duty."

THE HERO OF THE FAMILY.

A soldier had lost his arm and was rejoicing over it. "My grandfather," said he, "lost a leg in the revolutionary war, and our family have been bragging over it ever since. The story is an old one, and now I am going to be the hero of the family."

HOW HE PRAYED.

When a Union gun boat was going into action one of the men who was on his knees was sneeringly asked by an officer if he was afraid. "No, I was praying," was the response.

"Well, what are you praying for?" "Praying," said the sailor, "that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize money is, principally among the officers."

AN IRISHMAN'S REBUKE.

An Irishman from Battle Creek Mich., was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon-ball. A few moments after a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him exclaiming: "Blasht your soul, you old woman, sthoph cryin'; you make moce noise about it than the man that lost his head."

WHY THE KETTLE WENT.

The committee appointed to collect metal for cannon for Gen. Beauregard's army, applied to a planter of Adams Co. Miss., for his bell. Not having such an article, he mentioned it to his wife, when she very patriotically offered his brass kettle. The little-ones rather demurred to the sacrifice, and one of them, with a sweet tooth, said, "La, pa, what will we do for preserves?" "My daughter, said the wag of a father, "our whole duty now is to preserve our country." The kettle went.

WHY THEY CLOSED UP.

Among the troops in Western Virginia, stories about the Philippi affair formed a staple of conversation. Here is one of the best: A certain Indiana company, almost worn out with marching, was straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up his men, the Captain shouted, "Close up, boys! D—n you, close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a d—n one of you! Close up!" And they closed up immediately.

SALLIE DUSKY'S CHOICE.

When Gen. Kelly was in quest of guerrillas in West Virginia he captured a young woman named Sallie Dusky, whose two brothers were captains in the Confederate army. He questioned her closely, but could get no information regarding the guerrillas, and at last assured her that if she would impart the information he desired, he would give her the chances for a husband of all the young officers of his staff. She declined, and was taken away by a Capt. Baggs. As she moved away from the General's presence she asked the Captain if the General was really in earnest in making the last proposition. Baggs assured her that he was sincere and would have lived up to his promise. The girl assumed a kind of thoughtful manner, and after a short time replied: "Well, I believe I'd about as lief have the old man (meaning the General) as any of 'em."

INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULA.

At the battle of Hanover Court House, Va., two sergeants met in the woods; each drew his knife, and the two bodies were found together, each with a knife buried in the hill.

A CHICKEN STORY.

A certain regiment was stationed not far from Meridian Hill. Capt. Nat. Percival had command of one of the companies—the crack company, by general consent. One day a gentleman, resident near the camp, came in with a complaint setting forth that certain soldiers had maliciously, wickedly and most unwratably taken divers fowls from his hen-roost. He did not expect restitution, but he hoped that the culprits might be discovered and properly punished, and a stop put to the nefarious work. From certain description which the

gentleman gave, the Colonel suspected that the crack company of the regiment must contain the pilferers; so he straightway summoned Capt. Nat to his headquarters. The Captain came, and in his presence the gentleman repeated his charge. "What did you say the soldiers took from your roost?" asked Capt. Nat. The gentleman counted on his fingers—one fine rooster, four laying hens and three fine pullets. Rather a small collection of fowls, I should say, for such a place," said Capt. Nat. "Oh, those were not all I had." "What? Had you more—more fowls, at that time, on your roost?" "O, yes—a great many more." Whereupon Capt. Nat turned to his superior, and with a low bow, and with his hand laid upon his heart, he promptly declared: "Colonel—you know, sir, that my men could not have been the marauders upon that occasion. They would not have left a tail feather behind!"

GOOD ENOUGH TO RETREAT WITH. "Just look at them d—d yaller-bammers' marching along with their old flint-lock rifles and squirrel guns," remarked a Kentucky "reb," as the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., sauntered leisurely through the streets of Nashville. "You go to h—!" retorted one of the Forty-niners, "I reckon these guns are just as good to retreat with as any other; hain't they mister?"

Her Eyes Unsealed.

From the Rochester (N. Y.) Post.

Those who have read Willie Collins' "Poor Miss Finch" will readily recall Lucilla's misfortune; blindness from birth, caused by cataracts. Dr. Grosse's fallacies regarding the struggles of sight to assert itself in persons who have been blind for life, the illusions of the patient regarding distance, color, forms, etc., will be remembered. Lucilla could not, from restored sight, tell whether an object held before her was a cube or a globe; whether a handkerchief was white or colored. She had a great horror of anything dark; that is when she was blind. In her imagination Lucilla's answers to questions were put to the theories of "Surgeon Optic Grosse," and he was pleased at the result of his skill.

There is in Rochester, at the City Hospital, at the present time, the counterpart of Lucilla in all the realities, but not in the "surgeon optic," his fallacies and theories. The subject is Emma Waterstraat, 12 years of age. She was born in Leets Pomeran in Germany.

She came to New York City, two years ago. On the 8th of April, this year, she came to Rochester and resided with her aunt on Hoelzer street, her father and mother being dead. Two or three months of this time she passed in the blind asylum at Batavia, where she learned to read raised letters by the touch. Her trouble was congenital cataract, and from birth she could only see so as to distinguish between day and night. When taken to the City Hospital, the eminent oculist of the institution, after an examination said her sight could be restored, and three weeks ago he operated on the left eye, producing a "rift in the cloud," which had shut out the sight for so many years. The writer, in seeing her when the first test was made, visited the hospital, and when the bandage was removed by the surgeon she told him she could see his fingers. A vase of flowers was held before her and she said they were flowers and one of them was red.

She told what other objects were, and their form. "Dr. Grosse's" confirmed theories, "Poor Miss Finch's" verifications of the "surgeon optic's" fallacies were disproved; dispelled by the practical illustration, this fact, Emma's sight continues to improve as the "rift in the cloud" widens from absorption. No further operation may be necessary, and there is no question but that in good time she may see "as others see." The patient sees and learns so gradually, the same as a child learning to read, that the mind is educated to forms and distances easily. Cataract patients never see instantly after the operation.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent in an Illinois town exhorted so eloquently against circus-going, all the children stayed at home of their own accord, and no one would have found out that the superintendent was there if the minister had not mistaken it for a revival and dropped into the tent just as the elephants started around.

A LITTLE fellow four years old, went to a blacksmith's to see his father's horse shod, and was watching closely the work of shoeing. When the blacksmith began paring the horse's hoofs, the boy, thinking this was wrong, he said earnestly, "My pa don't want his horse made any smaller."

Useless Fright.

To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

Old Customs in Thibet.

The principal food of the country is called jamba. To make it a quantity of powdered tea is cooked for several hours, after which it is poured into a churn, when salt and butter are added, and the whole is stirred until a complete mixture is effected. The broth is then divided among the hungry ones, each of whom gets his share in a wooden bowl, after which a sack of roasted barley meal is brought out. Every one takes a handful of meal from the sack, puts it into the tea and mixes the mass into a shapely lump, and swallows his dough with a keen appetite. After the meal is over the wooden bowls are licked clean with the tongue and worn on the breast next to the skin as something precious.

Polyandry is practiced, not on account of any lack of women, for there is no such lack, but as a measure of economy. When the oldest son marries, his wife becomes also the wife of all his brothers. The custom does not lead to so many difficulties as it might be supposed it would, and the chief trouble arising out of it concerns the fatherhood of the children. The housewife occupies rather a commanding than a subordinate position.

Three ways of burying the dead prevail. The poor sink their dead in one of the mountain streams; those of a better class hang their bodies upon a tree, where they are consumed by birds, and the bones are afterward thrown into the river; the rich cut the bodies up into small pieces, pound the bones and mix them with jamba, and then carry the remains to the mountains, where they are left for the birds. These are old customs, and have no connection with religion.—Lieut. G. Kreidler in Popular Science Monthly.

An Old-Fashioned Reckoning.

A case was tried in 'Squire Stephens court, Louisville, some days ago in which a rather remarkable witness was introduced. The suit was one brought by an old German, who keeps a grocery and bar-room, against a rather tough citizen who owed him a bar bill. When the old man was placed on the stand he stated his case in broken English, but in a straightforward, truthful manner, and said that the defendant had been a customer at his bar and received credit, but refused to pay his bill when the time arrived. He was then asked by the court if he kept regular account of the amount, and was requested to show his bill. This seemed to puzzle the old man some, and after scratching his head in silent deliberation for a few minutes, he said he had kept an account, but had left it at his store, and asked permission to go off and bring it. The permission was granted, and he started away on a trot, and in a short while came back, puffing and blowing, but wearing a satisfied look on his face and carrying a large pine door on his shoulder. All in the room were considerably astonished at this, but he quietly seated himself, and taking the door across his knees, he pointed to a number of charcoal marks on it, which he stated was his bill. When asked to explain he said that whenever the defendant got a drink he marked it down on the door. If the drink was beer he made a short mark, and if whisky a long one. He then counted up the marks, and they agreed with the bill he had presented. This evidence was a clincher, and the old German won his case amid the smiles of the spectators.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Pleasure of Poverty.

I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now, there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerily down with them to poverty, than the harmony of chorded instruments. Oh, how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children? I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they are 10 years old, I should lay them on the dissecting tables and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so they could never walk nor use their hands, but sit still and be fed. Thus the rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing at 25 but to drink deep and squander wide, and the father must be slave all his life in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster, which sets the children free and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them "Work" and working makes them men.—Henry Ward Beecher.

LUCIDLY.

How Papers Are Printed.

Some time ago we got a new press for this office, and for a number of weeks it was our chief delight to take visitors through the mechanical department of the paper, politely and cheerfully explaining to them a thousand things that we didn't know anything about. The foreman used to say that we did pretty well, although he used to caution us about the use of certain terms in certain ways. You see a man not a practical printer has to trust to his memory and chance to help him out, and don't always use the correct scientific name.

One day Col. Stanton, the chief paymaster of the department, entered the Boomerang office to pay his subscription and tell us some blood-curdling anecdotes about different engagements in which the pay department had waded in blood and came off more than conqueror. After we had laddled out a few lies to him relating to our frontier life, we took him into the press room and showed him the new press. He manifested a great deal of interest in the thing and asked a good many questions, which we answered in our usual graphic style. Then we went into the news room. We could see by the frown on the foreman's brow that we were making some awful breaks, but what can you do when you have a visitor that must be entertained, and keeps asking about these things that you don't know anything about?

After awhile the Colonel seemed to lose his interest in our description of how a newspaper was made. At first he would look surprised and agitated over some rash statement we would make, but after a little while he seemed to care very little about what we said and acted almost rude; so we braced up and went on to explain how type was set, and as we stood by a case just vacated by one of the compositors, we told him where all the letters were, and explained the whole philosophy of setting a galley, locking it, proving it, making up, etc., etc. There were a number of other officers present, and they seemed greatly pleased and tried to draw us out on this subject, which presents so much that is of interest to the novice.

Finally Col. Stanton yawned a little, stepped up to the vacant case, took the stick in his left hand and gazed earnestly at the "copy" of an article on "An act to provide for the retirement of the army worm at the age of sixty-two." He then lit out for dear life like a man setting by the thousand and hopes to make San Francisco before the cold weather sets in. He dumped his stick in the right place, resumed his work cheerfully and staid at it till the article was all up, and then said he guessed he'd have to go.

We looked around at the officers to see how they felt. They seemed cheerful and pleased about something.

They knew that that meek and gentle fraud was an old printer all the time, and when we were making a courteous, self-forgetful ass of ourself all the time, explaining the operations of a printing office, not only Stanton, but all the rest of them were winking at the foreman, and even the devil was in the scheme.

Since that we don't even dare to show a young lady how a printing press works, and the other day a man who was born without arms, and who, therefore, wouldn't make much of a compositor, wanted to see how a paper was made, but we put him off on the foreman and excused ourself from being a professional guide to the mechanical part of the Boomerang any more.

Once we allowed ourself to act as guide for Rev. Mr. Hall, of this place, because it was nothing more than right that we should be civil to a clergyman. After we had told him a great deal about the ins and outs of the printing business, and Mr. Hall had gone, the city editor said: "You are the most genial newspaper directory and specimen catalogue and price list of printer's supplies I ever saw. You thought you played it on that gray haired clergyman in good shape probably. You fooled away an hour right in the middle of the day showing off about how to print a paper, when you don't know a lower-case roller mold from an italic shooting stick. Mr. Hall stuck type all the first part of his life for Sam Bowles, but he has gone home without telling you so because he was afraid you might feel bad. Now, if you don't quit acting as guide to this paper I'm going to resign; I can't stand it to be humiliated this way. It is wearing my young life in sorrow away."—Bill Nye.

The Silvery Moon.

The Delaware astronomer, J. G. Jackson, of Hockessin, who claims to have lately made important discoveries in connection with the moon, spoke at length regarding his investigations. He said that he had found in looking at the new moon that a white mist was floating over a portion of what is known as the mare cranium, a group of volcanic formations well known to astronomers. For an hour Mr. Jackson kept his telescope on the spot, marking out clearly a large cloud of vapor arising several hundred feet above the promontarium agarum, which is at the base of the mare cranium. Owing to the fact that the terminator had moved over beyond the mare cranium Mr. Jackson was unable to witness the phenomenon on the following night. He said nothing at the time, fearing that he might have

made a mistake, but he waited patiently for the next new moon, which occurred on June 17. At this trial he was baffled on account of the cloudiness of the weather. On last Sunday, however, all of the conditions were favorable, and he watched eagerly to test the correctness of his observations. Sure enough the feathery mist was there again on the western edge of the mare cranium against the promontarium agarum, as he had seen it on May 19. He watched it again until the moon had gone down in the west, and was fully convinced of the extent and importance of the phenomenon as effecting existing theories regarding the physical condition of the moon and her atmosphere. His notion is that this cloud forms by volcanic action during the lunar night of every month, and can only be seen for one particular evening at about 48 hours after conjunction (new moon), just as the rays of the morning sun in rising over the mountains of the promontarium agarum became sufficient to illuminate the west, but not yet intense enough to dispel or separate it.

The fact that the moon is then but a slender crescent generally low in the haze of our horizon, seen but an hour or so before setting, Mr. Jackson thinks must be the only reason why it has not been oftener witnessed. The importance of the discovery consists in that it establishes a fair promise for believing that the theory that the moon is a dead world is incorrect, and would appear to show what has for years been denied by all astronomers, that the moon has an atmosphere.

On Thursday night Mr. Jackson claims, he made another discovery in connection with this wonderful cloud. He distinctly saw at the apex of the promontarium agarum, above which the cloud has been seen, three volcanic craters which have never before been discovered by astronomers, and he thinks that the cloud is produced by the bursting of volcanic fires which opened these new craters, thus further tending to establish the theory of physical life on the moon. Mr. Jackson says that when the great telescopes of the world are directed toward investigating this startling phenomenon he has no doubt that discoveries of incalculable importance will be made, which may revolutionize our present theories as to the physical condition of the earth's satellite.

Mr. Jackson is a most careful and painstaking scholar, and has been an astronomer for nearly half a century. Thirty years ago he calculated exactly the transit of Venus which took place in 1874, and has been a close student of celestial phenomena ever since. He was four years ago nominated for congress, and ran against Col. Martin, the present member from Delaware.—Philadelphia Press.

Arsenic Eaters.

"Whenever you clap your eyes on a woman as plump as a partridge, with a milky whiteness of complexion, puffy eyelids and swollen skin, you've found a victim of the habit," said a physician to a reporter, in alluding to the growing use of arsenic among ladies. "If there's a delicate tinge of red on the cheeks do not be deceived. Paint, not nature, is responsible for the bloom, made hideous and ghastly by the corpse whiteness of the rest of the face. The arsenic eater is seldom downcast and despondent, come what may, for the drug not only affects the skin but produces mental exhilaration. The plumpness produced by arsenic is not natural plumpness, but rather a dropsical condition of the skin. Cessation of the habit causes this water distended skin to collapse, and wrinkles and sallowness are the inevitable result. Of course, no woman is willing to submit to this ordeal when it may be prevented, at the mere sacrifice of health and intellect, by a continuance of the use of the drug. The inevitable results of the arsenic habit are hideous and incurable cutaneous eruptions and loathsome diseases of the scalp, falling out of the hair, dropsy and a tentimes insanity. But what care the footlight favorites or the society belle for those trifling after-inconveniences so long as they can borrow illusive charms and fictitious beauty by the use of a deadly drug?"

THE New York Witness (the religious daily) perpetrates the following; "Why not? In Iowa over 150 horses have been stolen in the past six months, notwithstanding a stringent law against horse-stealing. A wag in that state, while expressing regrets at such a state of things, proposes as a remedy the passage of 'a judicious horse-stealing license law,' seeing a prohibition law does not prohibit."

The most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the man who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no! but the man who put his umbrellas to bed and went and stood behind the door.

THE WINE MAN AND THE FOOL.—The fool goeth out in a sailboat when he doesn't know in a boom from a breaker; but the wise man picks up pebbles on the shore, and flirts with the girl in the pink dress.